



#3

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Stories
Inspired by
the Classic

Disney
Attraction

Haunted Mansion



4
COX

Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

Night of the Caretaker's Dog

The skinny hound is the bane of the graveyard inhabitants. But just like his master, he has a reason for what he does.

Written by Chris Reilly and Steve Ahlquist
Illustrated by Crab Scrambley

The Mummy's Curse

The Mummy holds ancient secrets — but give him a little herbal tea to clear his throat, and he'll be ready to dish.

Written and Illustrated by Christopher

The Peppermint Girl

To what lengths will two boys go to get a chance with the girl of their dreams? When the girl is dead, it's a situation that calls for more than smooth pick-up lines and cologne.

Written and illustrated by D.W. Frydendall

Mystery of the Manse Part Three

William Gracey has left the life of Captain Blood behind.... But can he start over in an abandoned mansion in the Louisiana bayou? Will the manse's inhabitants embrace him as one of their own?

Written by Dan Vado
Illustrated by Mike Moss

William Gracey

A portrait of the Manse's mysterious master.
by David Hedgecock

HAUNTED MANSION

SLG PUBLISHING

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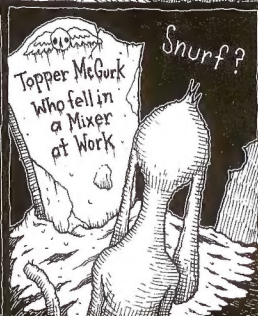
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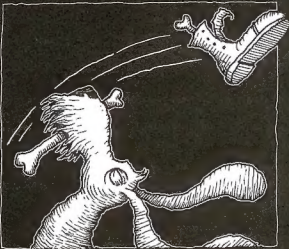
NIGHT of the CARETAKER'S DOG



Nice doggie!
Go away! Nothing
here for you,
nice doggie!



Grr...



My foot!
That was attached
a minute ago!
Come on! Leave
me alone!



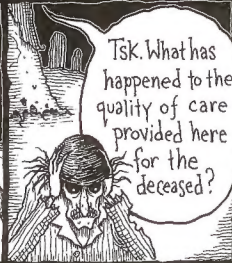
Grr...



Oh! to have my
eternal rest so
violated! Stupid
dog!

Grr...

Tsk. What has
happened to the
quality of care
provided here
for the
deceased?



Wretched mongrel
defiled my lonely corner
of forever only yesterday,
he did. Stole my arm, hand
and all. It still had the ring
given to me by the Kaiser
after a command performance
I did in Austria. Who knows
what happened to it?



It's a crying shame
it is, Ethyl White Impaled
by a Kite. The dog won't
mind at all. Just ignores
me. Like it's not bad
enough already being
dead.



The dog will
only heed its
master the
Caretaker.
And he's
probably
sleeping off
another
drunk.



The Caretaker!
Of course! He'll have
me re-assembled and
re-buried in no time!



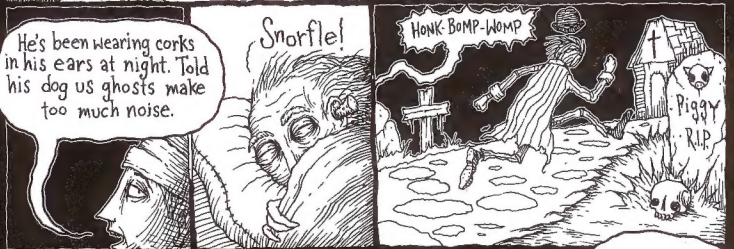
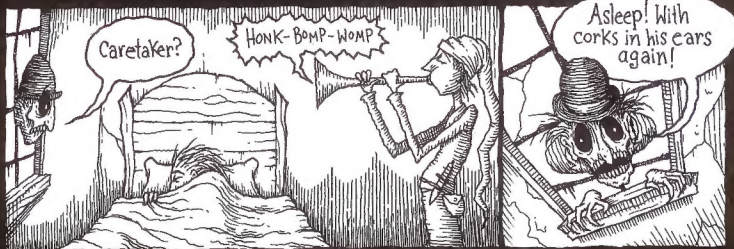
Caretaker!
CARETAKER!



Siderant! Must we
run around and scream
like peasants?



Try to be dead
with dignity
Topper McGurk!



The dog ran off with the leg, McGurk.

Where did he go?

I lost track. What do dogs do with bones anyway?

Oh, it's too horrible to behold, say or even think.

I think he went that way.

Thanks!

Mr. McGurk, please. I must know what dogs do to bones, for he fleeced my arm, hand and all!

GASP!

What is it McGurk? What is he doing to our bones?

He went this way, Ethyl.

Are Those...

He's Feeding...

Runch, Munch, Krak Comph

He's feeding puppies.

...puppies?

RIP Mrs. Dog beloved Mother

Orphan Puppies

I guess we can spare a few bones.

I honestly don't know why we keep the filthy things around at all.

Puppies?

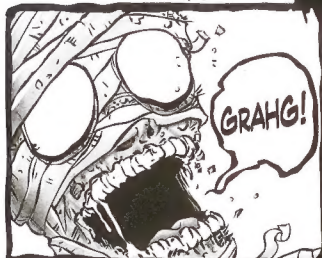
Um...Yes. Puppies.

THE MUMMY'S CURSE

BY
CHRISTOPHER



MMRUHHHRRRR



GRAHG!



ACK!



AH-HUK



KAFF!
KAFF!



GAK



OH, I SAY.
THAT CERTAINLY
DID THE TRICK.

YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT, THIS HERBAL TEA
CLEARED MY THROAT UP,
RIGHT AS RAIN.



NOW...
WHERE
WAS I?

AHH, YES...

I WAS ONCE A PRINCE. LONG, LONG AGO, WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND, YOU KNOW... ALIVE.

I SNEAKED INTO THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS ONE NIGHT.



I HAD HOPED TO STEAL ONE OF HIS ARTIFACTS, TO PROVE THAT I WAS BEYOND REPROACH...

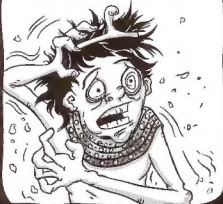
BUT HE AWOKE.

CATCHING ME IN THE ACT

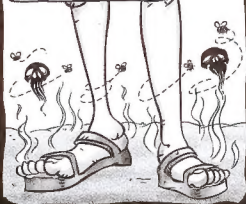
AND THUS BESTOWED UPON ME THE CURSE OF 1,000 CURSES.



TERRIBLE CURSES, SUCH AS THE SEVEN YEAR ITCHY SCRATCHIES.



THE CURSE OF THE STINKY CHEESE FEET.



THE CURSE OF THE AMOROUS CAMELS

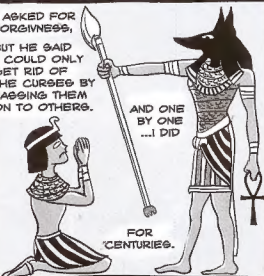


AND SO, SO MANY MORE.

I ASKED FOR FORGIVENESS, BUT HE SAID I COULD ONLY GET RID OF THE CURSES BY PASSING THEM ON TO OTHERS.

AND ONE BY ONE ...I DID

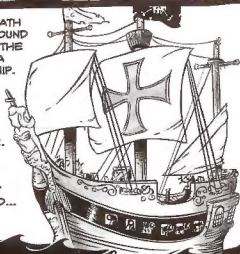
FOR CENTURIES.



EVEN IN DEATH WHERE I FOUND MYSELF IN THE BELLY OF A CURSED SHIP.

SAILING THE SEAS LEAVING DISASTER IN MY WAKE.

AND I NOW CONFESS AT LAST MY OLD FRIEND...

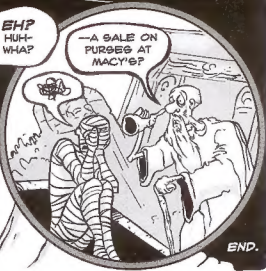


THAT I FEAR I AM, IN SOME WAY, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ILL FORTUNE AND CURSES HEAPED UPON THE GRACEYS.

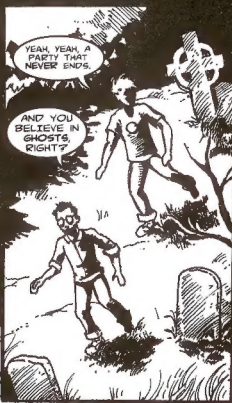


EHP HUH-WHAP

—A SALE ON PURSES AT MACY'S?

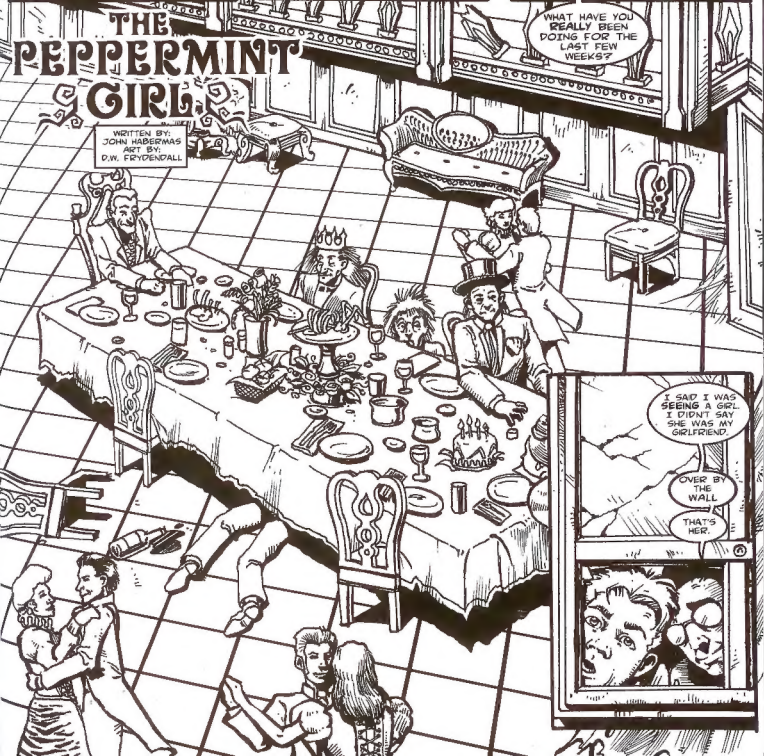


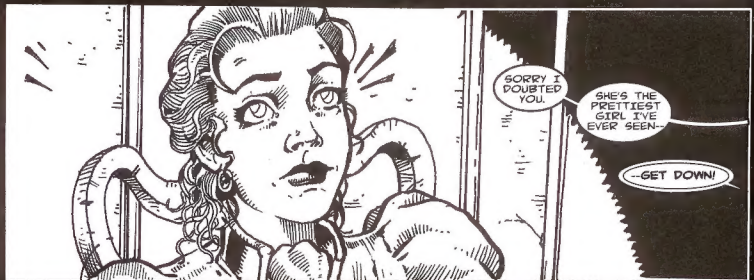
END.

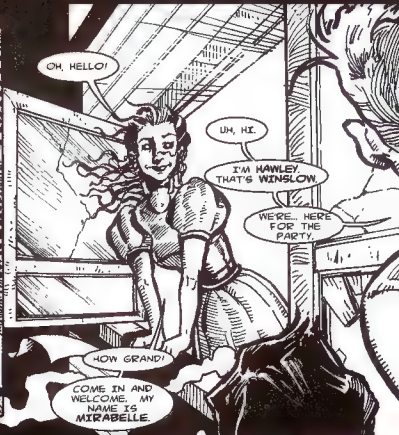


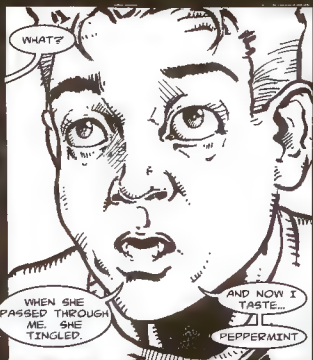
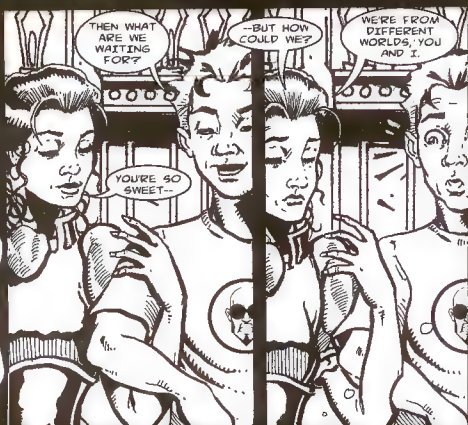
THE PEPPERMINT GIRL

WRITTEN BY: JOHN HABERMAS
ART BY: D.W. FRYDENALL

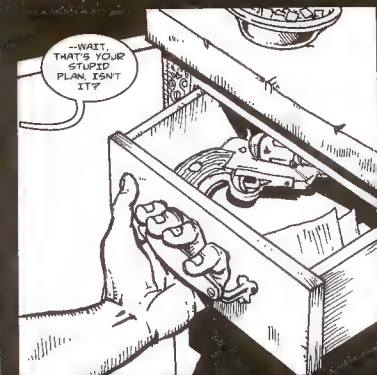


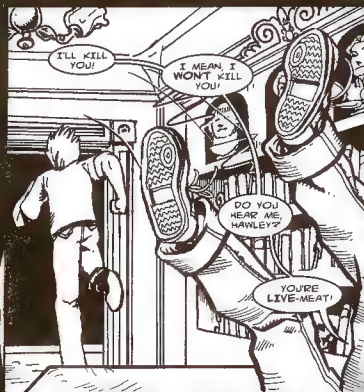
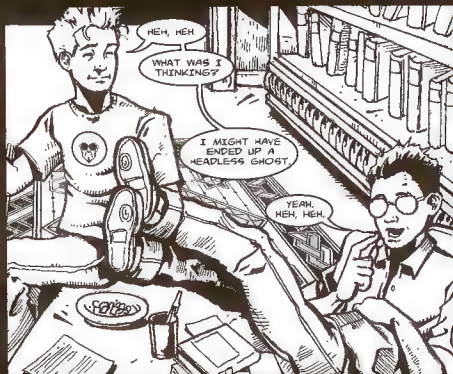
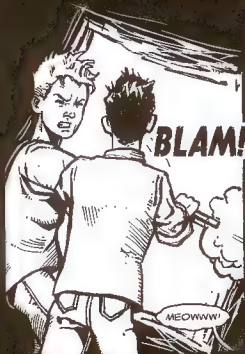


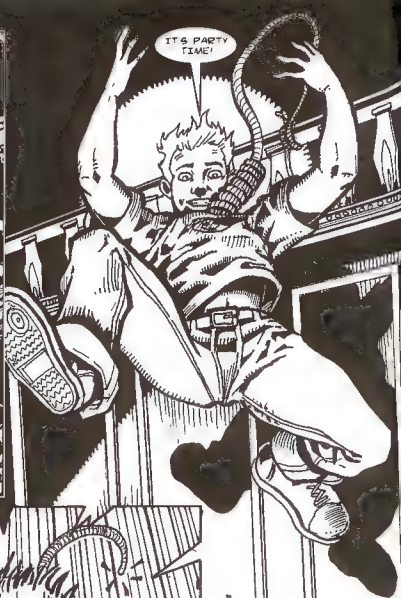






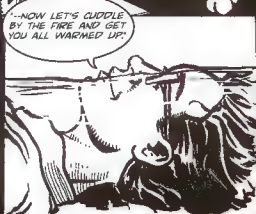




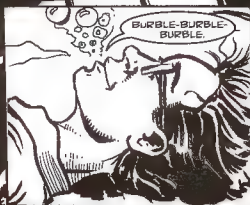




I MIGHT END UP A BIT SOGGY IN THE AFTERLIFE, BUT IT'D BE PRETTY EMBARRASSING TO SHOW UP TO THE PARTY NAKED.



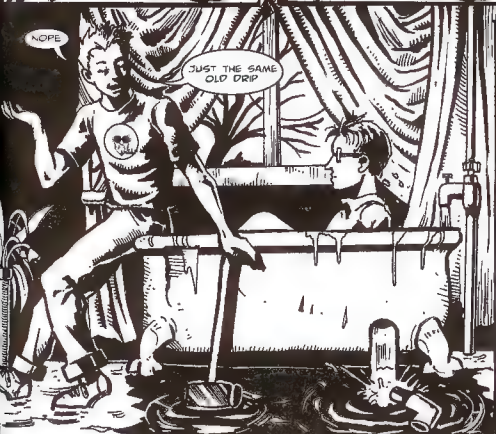
--NOW LET'S CUDDLE BY THE FIRE AND GET YOU ALL WARMED UP!



BURBLE-BURBLE-BURBLE.



MUH? AM I DEAD?



NOPE.

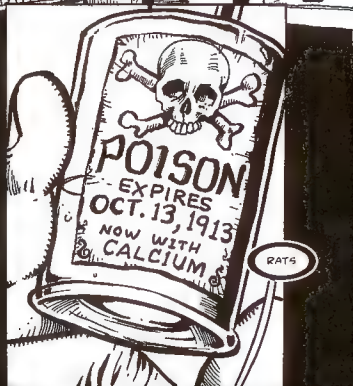
JUST THE SAME OLD DRIP.

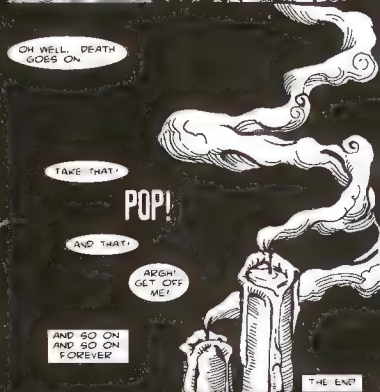
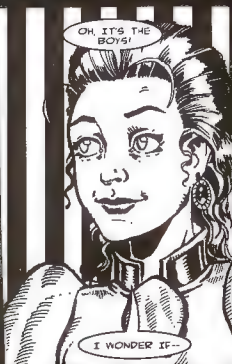


I CAN'T KILL YOU, BUT I CAN STILL MAMM YOU!

BEING DRENCHED MIGHT EVEN BE A GOOD ICEBREAKER

SHE'LL BE ALL "YOU'RE MY HERO, WINSLOW."






Mystery of the MANSE

part three

words: Vade
pictures: Moss




PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES
FOR ALL THE INTERRUPTIONS
TO MY STORY.


I HAVE DEVELOPED THIS TERRIBLE HABIT
OF STRETCHING A SIMPLE TALE INTO
A LONG AND GRUESOME YARN.

I ALWAYS SEEM TO LEAVE MY
AUDIENCE *HANGING*.


AN ANNOYANCE FOR YOU,
A WAY OF LIFE FOR ME.



MY TRANSFORMATION FROM FIRST MATE
WILLIAM GRACEY TO NOTORIOUS PIRATE
CAPTAIN BLOOD CAME FULL CIRCLE...




...WHEN I BETRAYED AND MURDERED MY CREW
AND ESCAPED FOR THE NEW WORLD.




WHEN I SET FOOT ON LAFFITE'S LANDING
I DID SO AS WILLIAM GRACEY, TRAVELLER
AND BUSINESSMAN LOOKING TO ESTABLISH
ROOTS IN THIS WONDERFUL PLACE KNOWN
AS NEW ORLEANS.





MANY TIMES HAD I ENCOUNTERED JEAN LAFFITE ON THE HIGH SEAS. LAFFITE WAS A COMPLEX INDIVIDUAL: PART PIRATE, PART PATRIOT, HE LOVED THIS FLEDGLING COUNTRY AS MUCH AS HE LOVED PIRACY.

FOR A LONG PERIOD HE WAS PRACTICALLY THE ONLY NAVAL PRESENCE PROTECTING NEW ORLEANS.



ONLY TO BE BETRAYED AND SHUNNED BY THE COUNTRY HE LOVED.



HEARTBROKEN, LAFFITE ABANDONED HIS ADOPTED HOME AND DISAPPEARED.



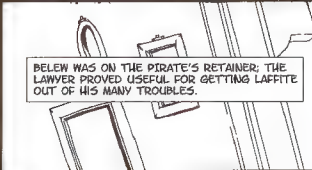
SEEN BRIEFLY IN GALVESTON IN THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS, HE WAS NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.




B. BELEW
ATTORNEY

LAFFITE FOUGHT BRAVELY IN THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS...

LAFFITE LEFT BEHIND A NUMBER OF ASSOCIATES, AMONG THEM A SHADY ATTORNEY NAMED BRIAN BELEW.



BELEW WAS ON THE PIRATE'S RETAINER; THE LAWYER PROVED USEFUL FOR GETTING LAFFITE OUT OF HIS MANY TROUBLES.




BEYOND THAT, BELEW KNEW WHERE ALL THE BODIES WERE BURIED, BOTH LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY, AND I AM SURE HIS RETAINER WAS PART BRIBE TO KEEP HIM QUIET.



THIS WAS A MAN I COULD WORK WITH.

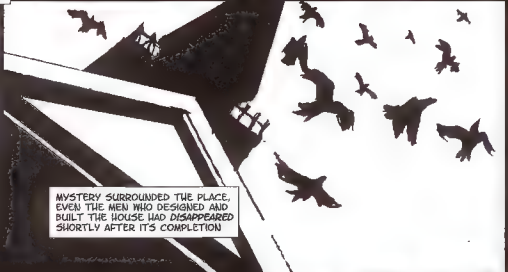
I CONTACTED BELEW AND ASKED HIM TO HELP ME FIND A HOME, ONE WHERE A NEWLY HONEST MAN LIKE MYSELF COULD RETIRE TO.



BELEW TOOK ME TO A MANSION JUST OUTSIDE
OF NEW ORLEANS' PROPER.



THE PLACE WAS PRACTICALLY NEW BUT
HAD BEEN ABANDONED BY ITS BUILDER.




MYSTERY SURROUNDED THE PLACE,
EVEN THE MEN WHO DESIGNED AND
BUILT THE HOUSE HAD DISAPPEARED
SHORTLY AFTER ITS COMPLETION




LOCAL LEGEND SAID THE PLACE WAS CURSED.

IT SOUNDED PERFECT...

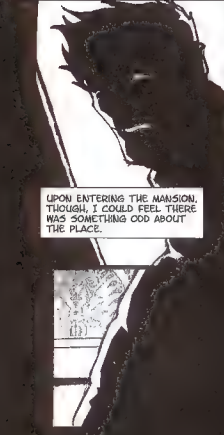


THE LEGEND ITSELF WOULD KEEP SNOOPERS
AWAY AND MY TREASURE SAFE.



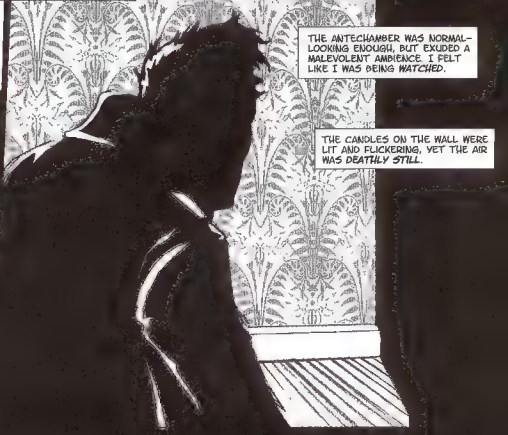
FOR MY PART, I NEVER BELIEVED IN
CURSES, GHOSTS, OR SUPERSTITIONS

IF THOSE THINGS EXISTED THEN I WAS CERTAINLY A DOOMED MAN

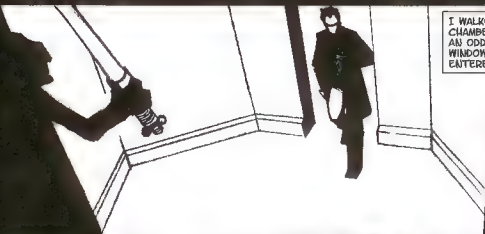


THE ANTECHAMBER WAS NORMAL-
LOOKING ENOUGH, BUT EXUDED A
MALEVOLENT AMBIENCE. I FELT
LIKE I WAS BEING WATCHED.

UPON ENTERING THE MANSION,
THOUGH, I COULD FEEL THERE
WAS SOMETHING ODD ABOUT
THE PLACE.



THE CANDLES ON THE WALL WERE
LIT AND FLICKERING, YET THE AIR
WAS DEATHLY STILL.



I WALKED INTO A SMALL OCTOGONAL CHAMBER JUST OFF THE ENTRANCE. AN ODDLY SHAPED ROOM WITH NO WINDOWS AND, SEEMINGLY AFTER I ENTERED, NO DOORS.

I SUDDENLY FELT DISORIENTED. THE ROOM CHANGING SHAPES AND DIMENSIONS

WAS IT ACTUALLY STRETCHING, OR WAS THIS A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION?



THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, OR I BLACKED OUT



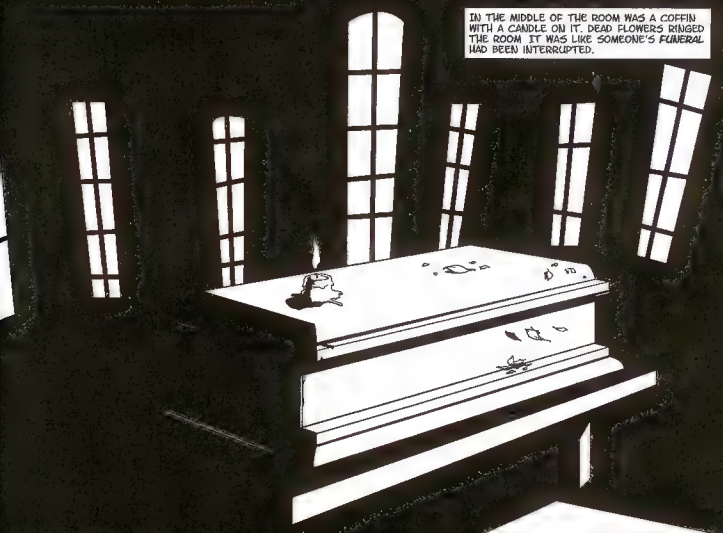
TO THIS DAY, I'M NOT SURE WHICH

SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF WANDERING THROUGH WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ALMOST ENDLESS HALLWAY. STAGGERING THROUGH THE EMPTY MANSION ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS FINDING A WAY OUT



DESPERATE FOR ESCAPE, I FOLLOWED A LIGHT COMING FROM A ROOM JUST AT THE END OF THE HALL. I COULD HEAR THUNDER OUTSIDE AND SEE THE FLASHES OF LIGHTNING THROUGH THE DOOR.

BURSTING THROUGH THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL I FOUND MYSELF IN A CONSERVATORY



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WAS A COFFIN WITH A CANDLE ON IT. DEAD FLOWERS RINGED THE ROOM. IT WAS LIKE SOMEONE'S FUNERAL HAD BEEN INTERRUPTED.

I WAS STARTLED BY A CAWING RAVEN WHICH APPEARED ALMOST OUT OF NOWHERE.

WAS IT LAUGHING AT ME, OR WAS THIS ANOTHER FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION?

I BACKED AWAY FROM THE BIRD AND BUMPED INTO THE CASKET, ALMOST KNOCKING IT OVER.

THUMP!

AND THEN...

LET ME OUT OF HERE!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!!!!


CRACK!!

THE BLACK RAVEN WAS PERCHED ABOVE ME, ANGRILY CAWING AND GLARING. IT SOUNDED LIKE IT WAS TALKING TO ME. IN MY HEAD I HEARD IT SAY...


NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE AWAKENED A RESIDENT!

YOU'LL BE SORRY...

WHAT MANNER OF INSANITY HAD I WANDERED INTO?



I RAN OUT INTO THE HALLWAY AND TRIED
TO MAKE MY ESCAPE OUT A WINDOW.




IT WAS WHEN I RAN PAST A FLOATING CANDELABRA
AND THE DOORS STARTED TO BREATHE THAT I BEGAN
TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.



AND, AS TERRIFIED AS I WAS, IT WAS
AT THAT MOMENT THAT I KNEW...

HEH.

НАНАНАНА
АНАНА
НАНАНА
НА!!!



...I HAD FOUND A NEW HOME.

TO BE CONTINUED...



WILLIAM GRACEY

Ghoulish Contributors



Chris
Reilly

Madmen, the both of them, Chris Reilly and Steve Ahlquist are co-creators of *Strange Eggs* and the forthcoming *Goggles and Gloves*. They live in Providence, Rhode Island, an eldritch town if there ever was one.



Steve
Ahlquist

Residing in the filthy bowels of southern California, Crab Scrambly can be found toiling away late into the night working on his latest creations. Crab has worked on a variety of projects, including a number of books for SLG—*Everything Can Be Beaten* written by Jhonen Vasquez, *The 13th of Never*, and *Nightmares & Fairytales* written by Serena Valentino.




Crab
Scrambly



Christopher

Christopher is the silly spook behind the SLG comic book *The Ghouly Boys*, a tale of cute monster kids that tugs on your heart strings while tickling your funny bones. He's currently in final arrangements to renew his death certificate, which was revoked after a doombuggie mishap during our last midnight jamboree.

D.W. Fyrendall has been illustrating horror since he could pick up a pencil. His most recent comic work includes Asylum's Press's critically acclaimed *Satan's Three Ring Circus of Hell*. He recently released a book of his art titled *The Creeps* from Burnside Publishing.



D.W.
Fyrendall



David
Hedgecock

A grand adventurer in the tradition of Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay, David still found time to obtain a Studio Art degree from UC San Diego. David has had his work published by many reputable (and some not-so-reputable) comic companies, a few have even managed to stay in business.



Dan
Vado

Dan Vado has helmed SLG on the high seas of the comic book industry for twenty years, recently adding to the crew artist Mike Moss, who also illustrated part one of *The Mystery of the Manse*.



Mike
Moss



DARTH SCANNER
DARTH SCANNER



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